THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

GENTLEMEN,

I am a young man of fortune and consequently, not under the necessity to exercise either trade or profession—and as at this moment I am confined by no particular engagement, I sit down to while away a vacant hour in giving you some particulars of my life, and consulting you on a point of importance to myself.

By the successful industry of my father, and the death of both my parents, I became possessed of more than, I begin to think, is essential to comfort. At an early age I was sent to school, & it being the intention of a fond father that I should possess an education suited to a liberal profession, I was continued at College until his decease;—but alas! though a parent may provide for the cost, he cannot give the inclination, much less the talent to acquire and retain knowledge; and in these essentials I fear I am deficient—for though I have abundant leisure, I want the desire to study; and many of my school-fellows with less means and few opportunities are working their way to attention and respectability, while I am merely considered a good natured easy fellow, with a round sum of money, and little wit to turn it to advantage.

For men of sound understandings, I feel I am no companion;—yet, my fortune and appearance would prove a sufficient passport to their acquaintance, was I not conscious in such company of an inferiority, which, is grating to my pride; consequently, such associations are not solicited.—But as there is an ambition in little, as well as greater things, I feel a gratification in dictating to our club where the hauteur of whealth is submitted to, because the will to pay, is accompanied by the means of doing it.

In order to vary my amusements I am a frequent companion of the ladeis; and I think I am well calculated for this employment, if I may judge by my success:—but perhaps I am mistaken, and the attentions I received may be more addressed to my means, than my merits:—and really, I begin to have some suspicions that this is the fact, as I have latterly remarked, that, among the females whose company I frequent, there are few whose acquirements reach beyond a knowledge of the topics of the day.

While reflecting on those subjects, a thought sometimes glances over my mind, that life is advancing;—and that with age, the relish for convivial meetings and the trifling of gallantry, will pass away;—what then is to be my situation?—without having attained any substantial foundation on which to build future happiness: shall I not have to reckon a life lost, which has been sacrificed to the intemperate riot of the vain, or the amusement of the giddy, and that, in despite of every parental effort for my welfare, I shall pass from the world and leave no trace by which I shall be recollected?

These are melancholy reflections, and could I be advised how to escape the abyss which I feel is preparing for me, I would make one effort to barter existence for life.

AVARO.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE WANDERER'S GRAVE.

A mound of sand, heap'd on the barren shore
Which Ocean's quick succeeding billows lave,
Shall oft compassion's sacred tear implore,
For 'tis the seaman's solitary grave.

Far from his home, from all his heart held dear,
For competence he brav'd the stormy main;
Urg'd the pursuit through all the circling year,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's beating rain.

Fortune, propitious to his ceaseless toil,
Deign'd her fond votary's ardent wish to bless,
Still wore for him her gay deceitful smile,
And crown'd his dreams with promis'd happiness.

Yet here he lies—the visionary form
That led his vain pursuit dissolv'd in air—
He sunk a victim to the howling storm,
That rav'd, unmindful of the suppliant pray'r.

But as he sunk amid the water's roar
He rais'd a dim, a supplicating eye:
"Heaven aid my soul on seraph-wings to soar,
"My errors pardon!"—breath'd his latest sigh.

Borne on the bosom of the beating wave,
His lifeless form was dash'd upon the stran;
Some pious hands here dug his lonely grave,
And rear'd this humble monument of sand.

Soon will the perishable tomb decay
That shrouds his ashes in its cold embrace:
Soon will the waters wash the sand away,
And every vestige of his fate erase.

Yet as I wander on the sea-beat shore,
And watch with musing eye the ebbing wave;
The well remember'd spot shall oft implore
A silent tribute to the WANDERER'S GRAVE.

SYLVANUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The great rule of justice to be observed in dealing, between man and man, has been handed forth to us by the Founder of Christianity in this short but comprehensive precept, "Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you." By this law every claim of right may be immediately adjusted—a law, which every man possesses within himself—for the exposition of which, he need only turn to the dictates of his own breast—and honesty of intention, and purity of will, are the only qualifications essential for a man to possess, in order to live up to the practice of this important precept. The cruelty and inhumanity which we painfully behold among our fellow creatures, would be much diminished, if mankind more generally were to attend to this divine command, of doing to others, as they would that others, in similar circumstances, should do unto them. The great, wise and benevolent author of our being, has created and endowed us with rationality; and certainly we ought to act consistent with the laws of humanity, and treat our fellow crea-

tures with that degree of tenderness which ought ever to characterize rational beings.

I think there is no way, by which we can better judge of the condition of a fellow creature, than by putting ourselves in his situation. Then, and then only, are we capable of judging what his sufferings are, and what remedies would be most effectual to meliorate his condition and promote his happiness. It is a duty incumbent on every man to endeavour to render a fellow-creature every service that lies in his power, so far as he can do it without injuring himself. We ought also to reflect that if we violate the laws of humanity, we not only break the express command of the Prince of Peace, but degrade the dignity of human nature.

GILES.

Wrights-town 5th mo. 17th.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Lo! again the SYLPH appears,
Hovering round on cautious wing,
For himself,—for all, he fears;—
Reptiles haunt the Muse's spring.

See enrob'd in female vest,
Pertness* dares the glittering height,
False ambition fires his breast,
Folly prompts his giddy flight.

"Hence away 'tis holy ground,"†
ROLAND here has touch'd the lyre,
CANDLE, shed its beams around,
And MATILDA struck the wire.

DRUID's sweetly flowing lay,
Here has met the list'ning ear,
Wing thy hasty flight away,
Dullness *shall* not flourish here.

Where, ah where's the tuneful throng,
Hovering round our infant flame,
Where the deathless sons of song,
Rivals for eternal fame?

Has the beaming CANDLE's form,
With internal fire decay'd,
Has fell discord's fearful storm,
Burst upon the DRUID's shade?

No! the voice of Hope replies,
Genius only sleeps awhile,
Soon her lays shall greet our eyes,
And the passing hour beguile.

Wake awake ye sons of song,
Dare the steep of Fame to climb;
Myrtle wreathes to you belong,
Court you to yon height sublime.

Smiling Muses there shall braid
Round your heads the sweetest flowers,
Flagrant flowers that never fade,
Born amid their blooming bowers.

ARIEL with unbended bow
Shall around your steps attend,
Anxious by his zeal to show
He is modest merit's friend.

ARIEL.

* See the communication of SALLY BASHFUL.
† Milton.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

I was lately in company with some persons whose occupation is the tending of water mills, and in the course of conversation they asserted for fact, that the water acted with a perceivable greater force upon the wheel after sun-set, than while the sun is above the horizon. My informers being no philosophers, did not attempt to give the reason of the phenomenon; and as I no not recollect to have seen this subject treated of in the ingenious works I have read, it would afford me peculiar satisfaction to find a discussion thereof in your entertaining miscellany. Your correspondents therefore it is hoped, will give it a turn of thought, and, by communication, oblige the public as well as an otherwise engaged.

ENQUIRER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE UPAS TREE.

In Java once grew—as historians tell,
A tree call'd the Upas, whose poison, so fell,
Wide drove from its shadow the birds of the wood,
The beasts of the forest and fish of the flood;
Parch'd earth's thirsty bosom—drank the springs from below;
But encourag'd the thistle and nettle to blow.
The people all fled from its shade with amaze,
Nor dar'd on its place or its figure to gaze.
This tree, now remov'd from its once native soil,
And transplanted to ours by whole ages of toil,
With blasts of rank venom continues to reign,
The tyrant of mountain, and valley, and plain.
The light gentle virtues like birds of the wood,
With commorant maw it destroys for its food
Those valliant and bold as the beasts of the chace,
An upright, an hardy, and generous race,
Are doom'd to destruction—or stalk far away
To regions where milder affections still play.
But the fish of the flood—like mercy and truth
(The stay of the aged and honour of youth)
In the bosom's soft recess forever expire,
The victims of ev'ry polluted desire.—
And man from his maker—the child of each clime,
Blest with reason—the heights of each science may climb;
With liberty bless'd—ev'ry good to secure,
By religion's mild aid—ev'ry sorrow endure—
This tree (so accursed and fell is its power)
Consumes of those virtues the fragrance and flower.
Into brute sinks the man—while the carcass remains
To taint all the air of the mountains and plains.
In the place of those virtues—the birds of the wood,
The beasts of the chace, and fish of the flood—
The nettle and thistle of vengeance and pride,
Grow free—without union each other beside;
Till the winds shall arise and sweep o'er the ground,
And dash them together each other to wound.
Then passion and pride shall rage like a flood,
And the bare barren earth shall drink down the blood.
Thus sang in Hayti the wisdom of old,
To men—who enslav'd by the base thirst of gold,
Despis'd all its doctrines—the council refus'd
And gulf'd deep in guilt—divine warning abus'd;
But see—the winds rise—o'er the ocean they sweep,
And heave the wild waves of the fathomless deep.
O'er Hayti they drive, more fierce and more fell,
And urge from their caverns the passions of hell.
They ride in the storm and its fury command,
To destroy the fair face of a once lovely land;
Give to malice and hate—to revenge and to strife—
All the peace and the joy—ev'ry blessing of life;
Doom to deaths of dire form, the coward and brave,
And whelm in one ruin the tyrant and slave.
From th' experience of others—let nations grow wise,
Or, urg'd on to ruin—the moral despise.
The shades of the Upas our land overspread,
And bring on the day of deep vengeance and dread.
Afric bleeds at each pore—while our sons of the East,
Of her spoils make a riot—her sorrows their feast
The East, West and South—unite in the plan,
And spread far and wide the anguish of man.
But the day may arise and o'er ocean sweep
All the furies and wrath of the bottomless deep;
Urge wide through our land revenge and despair,
Fire and blood—all the horrors and passions of war;
Doom to deaths of dire form the feeble and brave,
And sink in one ruin the tyrant and slave.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON GAMING.

There is no state of the human mind more contemptible, or more to be pitied, perhaps than that which can find no entertainment in itself, none in books, none in rational conversation, nor in the intercourse of real friendship, nor in ingenious works of any kind; but, is continually seeking to stifle reflection in a tumult of pleasures, and to divert weariness in a croud; or inventing some method (to use the emphatical words of a certain author) to "kill time." The sinful practice of Gaming, is frequently resorted to for this purpose, by the deluded sons of apathy and idleness. A practice, indeed so lamentably prevalent in our city, that it not only merits public animadversion; but loudly calls for the interposition of the magistracy. Nothing, I believe has a more unhappy tendency to corrupt the morals of mankind, than Gaming, as it derives its principles from motives of avarice and the meanest of human passions, and prompts to nothing in its practice but what is began by illiberal and criminal. It not only depraves the worthiest affections of our natures, and and banishes all those exquisite feelings which dignify our species but, it also, often pervents the best understandings, and annihilates every virtue of the heart, in those who resign themselves to its influence. But notwithstanding all these pernicious consequences it is so strangely predominant, that with many it seems to be a calling; and, as a witty author has observed, "a laborious "one too, such as they toil day and night "at, nay do not allow themselves that "remission which the laws, both of God "and man, have provided for the meanest machanic. The sabbath to them is "no day of rest; but this trade goes on

" when all shops are shut. I know not" " (continues he) " how they satisfy " themselves in such an habitual waste " of their time, but I much doubt that " plea, whatever it is, which passes with " them, will scarce hold weight at his " tribunal, who hath commanded us to " redeem, not fling away, our time."

TRISTATUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

When low'ring from some dismal height
Pale desolation takes her flight,
And wings amain;
When famine howls with piteous cry,
Whose hand will then thy wants supply
Dear child of pain?

Whilst o'er thy head the skies red arch
Bright beams, Sol's rays intensely parch
Thy opening brain;
Or heavy thunders awful roll,
Then who'll protect and keep thee whole
Dear child of pain!

When black'ning s orms obscure the sight,
And darken e'en the face of night
With drenching rain,
Half naked, shivering, cold and poor,
What friend will ope for thee a door,
Dear child of pain?

When Winter's horrid forms appear
Chill Penury, disease, despair
Ah! who will deign
To take thee, wretched wanderer, home,
Death points to earth thy native tomb,
Dear child of pain?

H.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

[The following is an extract from the private journal of a friend who travelled, some time since, in the south of France: and has been forwarded to us by a fair contributor, to whom we judge the *Evening Fire-side* to be indebted for more than one valuable communication.]

FARMER.

One of the religious society of Friends at St. Giles' in the South of France, sells annually twenty-four-hundred barrels of wine, the produce of his own ground—He has *Fifty* yoke of oxen, *Sixty* horses, Ten asses, and *Twenty-seven hundred* sheep.—Eight hundred of which he milks twice a day; some of the milk he sells, and the remainder is made into butter & cheese—each ewe gives upon an average half a pint of milk a day—the care of these sheep employs about twenty *shepherds* and shepherdesses whose business it is ot milk them, to shear them in the season—to attend them on the neighbouring mountains and house them at night—each shepherd has his *dog*—which is so nicely trained as to take a great part of the care of managing the sheep off the master.—This man employs one Hundred people the whole year; and at the time of *vintage* about two hundred.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON HOPE.

As life's still ling'ring weary way,
Drooping depression darkens o'er,
And pensively from day to day,
We mourn the joys we know no more;—

Patience supports the sinking heart
To bear the pressing weight of wo,
Whilst Hope resplendant rays impart,
To give the breast a pleasing glow!
Yet why should we the luring charms believe—
That vainly glisten only to deceive!—

LUCIO.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following is an extract from a manuscript said to be found in the Island of Patmos, and supposed to have been written by St. John.

Son of eternity! thou art of much greater worth than the grovelling insect beneath thy feet: assert thy superior privilege; be wise and wonder—2. Raise thine eyes aloft, and contemplate yon heavens, the lofty dwellings of Jehovah: behold the gorgeous sun, walking in brightness through the skies; and consider thyself as a spark of his light, a ray of unextinguishable glory, and child of immortality. 3. Let joy swell thy bosom, let conscious and becoming pride sparkle in thine eye: triumph in thy lofty descent; pant after the blessings of thy Father's kingdom. Sigh for eternity!—4. Son of mortality and death! Son of sin and corruption; be humble: know and feel thy depravity; so shall shame and confusion hide thy face, and lay thee prostrate in the dust whence thou wast taken, and whither thou shalt surely return. 5. If soaring on the wings of an eagle, with the bright eye of contemplation, thou canst steadily behold the dazzling lustre of thy lofty descent; 6. Lower than the lowest deep, must thou sink, when turning thine eyes inward, and beholding the long train of evils which eclipse that splendour, and obscure the whole deity in thee. 7. Born to dwell in light, thou art in utter darkness; created to reign in life, death triumphant holds absolute dominion over thee. 8. Thy heart is vile: thy very intention prone to iniquity; inclination clad in false smiles allures thee to sin; behold thy will consenteth, and thou hast offended.—9. Tremble, oh earth! ye heavens be clothed with thick darkness! and oh, ye stars withdraw your shining! a son of God, an heir of immortality, a soul breathed from the eternal divinity, hath fallen, hath sold and for feited his birthright; and who shall recover him?—10. Oh that my life could ransom thine, that the death of man could preserve thee from distruction!—11. But what can man do? His whole is not sufficient for himself, how should he add to the light balance of another?—12. All I have is thine: all I have is from thy rich abundance, great, glorious, and unexhausted fountain of power, and wisdom, and mercy and goodness!—13. When unerring obedience shines before my footsteps; when the servant hath performed his Lord's very command, what reward await's him? this was his duty—14. If failing in one title, can future diligence and full compliance at all propitiate the past offence, at all reconcile or justify the offender?—15. Full compliance and and unwearied diligence, unerring obedience, before was but duty: after transgression remaineth it not the same? 16. Be wise, now, oh ye children of reason, ye sons of imperfection listen and be wise. 17. For one trespass—behold and tremble:—man maketh not atonement: who amongst men committeth but one trespass?—18. Perfection shone in our first sire; before he listened, ate, and was undone: full as the teaming glory in yon bright eye of the heavens, pure as the virgin's splendour in the queen of night; the whole image of the *High and Holy* one was resplendent in him.—19. Through envy of the devil came death; the woman was deceived; the man partook her crime. 20. He fell, he died to his mortal living—the light of Jehovah vanished from his breast. 21. He fell and become the slave of death, the heir of corruption: sin and sorrow entered at once into the world.—22. We are the sons of fallen Adam: how then must we not be fallen? now then must we not be slaves, frail and corruptible?—23. Thy bosom, my friend, my brother, proclaims it: the truth is deeply engraven on thy perfidious and treacherous heart. 24. What then is thy hope? where doth it dwell, that I may search it out? where is that happy pilot that shall steer thee aright to the harbour of eternal life? 25. Thou wast born for eternity: thy soul anxiously panteth after it: thou hast not a thought but witnesseth this pleasing hope. 26. For what son loveth not his father's house? what mortal loveth not the place of his nativity?—27. Thy tres-

passes are daily, and yet one tresspass is sufficient to darken all thy expectations of glory! 28. Miserable man! weeping and lamenting: death and hell lay fast hold of thee: already thou art condemned: how shalt thou be delivered from these destroyers, and from this condemnation, 29. Blessed are they that mourn? be comforted, burst forth into singing, son of consolation; behold I point out to thee the never failing Pole star; spread thy sails, therefore, & make the harbour of rest.

LOVE.

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair,
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek and ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win,
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And Angel innocence refines,
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauties frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

JAMES HAY BEATTIE.

James Hay Beattie, son of Dr. James Beattie, professor of moral philosophy and logic in the university of Aberdeen, was born in the year 1768. He died early in life, at the age of twenty-two; but wisdom, not years, is the gray hair to man, and unspotted life is old age.

This young man possessed a fine genius, great vigour of understanding, and a very uncommon portion of learning and knowledge: but what renders him a subject proper for these memoirs, is that rectitude of heart, and genuine piety, by which he was so eminently distinguished.

We shall select a few traits of the life and character of this excellent youth, as proofs of his uncommon merit, and of the power of religion on his mind.

His father never had occasion to reprove him above three or four times, during the whole of his life: bodily chastisement he never experienced at all. It would indeed have been most unreasonable to apply this mode of discipline to one, whose supreme concern it ever was to know his duty and to do it. The first rules of morality which his father taught him were, to speak truth, and keep a secret; and it never appeared that in a single instance he transgressed either. His whole behaviour, at school and college, was not only irreproachable, but exemplary. In the year 1787, the king, upon the recommendation of the university of Marischal college, was pleased to appoint him assistant professor of moral philosophy and logic. His age was then not quite nineteen; but to the gentlemen of the university his character was so well known, that they most readily, as well as unanimously, concurred in the recommendation. His steadiness, good-nature, and self-command, secured his authority as a teacher; and by his presence of mind, and ready recollection, he satisfied his audience that, though young, he was abundantly qualified to instruct them.

Piety and meekness were striking features in his character, habitually to him in infancy, and through life. The Christian religion and its evidences he had studied with indefatigable application; and the consequence was such, as may always be expected in like cases, where the enquirer has candour and sense: no person could love his religion more than he did, or believe in it with fuller assurance of Faith. But in his behaviour there was no austerity or singularity. The effect of religion upon his mind was, to make him cheerful, considerate, benevolent, intrepid, humble, and happy. He loved the whole human race; he bore a particular love to Christians; and he wished all parties to exercise Christian charity towards each other. He wished to be, and to be considered as, a Christian: a title which he thought infinitely more honourable than any other.

The purity and the delicacy of his mind were great; and, in one so young, were truly admirable, and worthy of imitation. He was aware of the danger of admitting indelicate or improper thoughts into his mind; for he knew that associations of ideas, disapproved both by reason as incongruous, and by conscience as immoral, might in a moment be formed, in consequence of inadvertency, even when there was no settled propensity to evil. His attention was continually awake, to learn, although from the slightest hint, or most trivial circumstance, what might be useful, in purifying his mind, regulating his conduct, or improving his understanding.

He was almost constantly occupied in discharging the duties of his office, in performing acts of kindness, or in planning works of literature for the benefit of mankind; and there is every reason to believe, that if his life had been lengthened, he would have been eminently useful in the world. But it pleased Divine Providence to permit this promising youth to be cut down by disease, in the morning of life. When his disorder had made great progress, and he saw death approaching, he met it with his usual calmness and resignation. One evening, while he was expecting the physician, whom he had sent for in the belief that he was just going to expire, he sweetly said, "How pleasant a medicine is Christianity!"

He sometimes endeavoured to reconcile his father's mind to the thought of parting with him; but, for fear of giving him pain, spoke seldom and sparingly on that subject. "One," day says his father, "when I was sitting by him, he began to speak in very affectionate terms, as he often had done, of what he called my goodness to him. I begged him to drop that subject; and was proceeding to tell him, that I had never done any thing for him but what duty required, and inclination prompted; and that, for the little I had done, his filial piety, and other virtues, were to me more than a sufficient recompence,—when he interrupted me, (which he was not apt to do,) and, starting up, with inexpressible fervour and solemnity, implored the blessing of God upon me. His look at that moment, though I shall never forget it, I can describe in no other way than by saying, that it seemed to have in it something more than human, and what I may, not very improperly perhaps, call angelic. Seeing me agitated, he expressed concern for what he had done; and said that, whatever might be in his mind, he would not any more put my feelings to so severe a trial. Sometimes, however, warm sentiments of gratitude would break from him: and those were the only occasions on which, during the whole course of his illness, he was observed to shed tears, till the day before his death; when he desired to see his brother, gave him his blessing, wept over him, and bid him farewell."

The preceeding traits of the life and virtues of this amiable and accomplished youth, are taken from "An account of his life and character," written and published by his very worthy father, Dr. James Beattie; to which publication the compiler refers the reader for further particulars. He will find it a well written, in-

structive, and most interesting detail of the sentiments and conduct of this excellent young man.

We cannot better close this memoir, than by transcribing the pious and pathetic lines of his father, at the conclusion of that work. "I have lost the pleasantest, and, for the last four or five years of his short life, one of the most instructive companions, that ever man was delighted with. But, 'The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'—I adore the Author of all Good, who gave him grace to lead such a life, and die such a death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality."

A piece written on Alfred King of the Saxons, taken from the Biographical Dictionary.

Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis honorem,
Arm'potens Ælfrede, dedit; probatasque laborem;
Perpetuumque labor nomen, cui mixta dolore
Gaudia semper erant, semper spes mixta timore,
Si modo victor eras, ad crastina bella parabas;
Si modo victus eras, ad crastina bella parabas.
Cui vestes sudore jugi, cui sicca cruore
Tincta jugi, quantum sit onus regnare probârunt,
Non fuit immensi quisquam per climata mundi
Cui tot in adversis, vel respirare liceret;
Nec tamen aut ferro contritus ponere ferrum,
Aut gladio potuit vitæ finisse labores.
Jam post transactos vitæ, regnique dolores,
Christus sit ei vera quies, sceptrumque perenne.

THUS TRANSLATED.

Thy true nobility of mind and blood,
(O warlike Ælfred!) gave thee to be good.
Goodness industrious made thee; industry
Got thee a name to all posterity.
'Twixt mixed hopes and fears, 'twixt joy and grief,
Thou ever felt'st distress, and found relief.
Victor this day, next day thou dost ne'erth'less
I' the field dispute thy former day's success.
O'ercome this day, next day, for all the blow,
Thou giv'st or tak'st another overthrow.
Thy brows from sweat, thy sword from blood ne'er dry,
What 'twas to reign so to us signify;
The world cannot produce so much as one,
That through the like diversities has gone.
Yet found'st thou not the rest thou soughtest here,
But with a crown Christ gives it thee elsewhere.

L.

From "Essays, Moral, Religious, etc."

No. XXII. Aug. 16. 1803.

NIGHT.

"The countless glories of the midnight hour."
DARWIN.

Let mankind endeavour to seek amusement in the busy round of pleasures which engage their attention during the day, when fervid noon "scorches the plain," evening has superior charms to captivate the rational mind; and produces serenity of disposition, which enables it to view without a jaundiced eye, the silent scenes around. Let him, who can leave, without regret, the bustling crouds which throng the noisy streets of the city, and who prefers inhaling the fragrant breath of heaven, to an immersion in the smoky and dense atmosphere, where commerce slowly drives her "ten thousand wheels"—let him retire from them; and the beauties of the evening hour be suffered to claim his attention. The thick copse, through which he may trace his winding path, is a proper scene for contemplation. There, like a pilgrim, wearied by exertion in the noon tide ray, who seeks a cool shelter by the way-side, and observes the toiling multitude, fretting at the evils of life, covered with dust, oppressed and fainting with heat—like him, he can abstract himself from the cares of the day, and wander through each pleasing sylvan scene, to mark romantic beauties rising in his view.

"——————For Nature here
"Wantons as in her prime, and plays at will
"Her virgin fancies.——————"

MILTON.

The various pleasures of retirement have been often pointed out to man, not only in the writings of the greatest ornaments of the different ages in which piety has flourished, but by his own experience, or observation. The benefits, however, which are produced by seclusion from the world, do not flow from its continued, *incessant* use; but from an alternation of busy life, and a total abstraction from its follies, its tumults, and its pleasures. *Occasional* retirement is that, which is indicated by the Deity, as conducive to the highest advantage of man. The wisdom which is displayed in setting apart a day of rest from sublunary avocations and pursuits, clearly evinces the nature and end of that temporary abstraction, which is peculiarly fitted to the capacity and faculties of mankind. It is consequently apparent, that the solitude which night affords, is congenial with the purposes of our creation.—The return of each setting sun ought to excite our reflection, and bid the flame of gratitude enkindle within our bosoms, while contemplating the abundant blessings which the revolving day produces. It is in the silence of the night, that man approaches nearer to *himself*. If he wishes to reflect on the mutability of fortune, no turbulent demagogues will interrupt his meditations.—*Here* he can guard against that levity, which is so dangerous to his peace, and the visions of a disturbed fancy will vanish into emptiness: here, clothed with serious impressions, the mind is capable of forming the greatest resolutions, and of adhering to them with the most lasting vigour, and steady perseverance. His eye dwells on the beauties around him, which borrow new graces from the beams of the full-orbed, mild regent of the night "rising in clouded majesty." The diversified prospect fills him with a pleasure, to which the votaries of dissipation are entire strangers. The delightful variety of nature's interesting forms, will give a tone to his mind, and fit it for a renewal of exertion on the succeeding day: the landscape will cause him to mark, with increasing emotions of admiration, the magnificence which encircles him. Though silent contemplation is dreaded by the vicious, and the gay, yet it produces a treasure of exquisite joys to the virtuous: they are fond of seeking the dark, embowering shades in a cool dell, where the ceaseless rivulet glides with gentle murmur to sooth them to sweetly pensive thought, and hush their turbulent passions into repose: or, soaring to sublimity, they behold the *grandeur* of the Deity stamped on the romantic cliff, threatening in seeming nods to crush the wondering being below; and His *benevolence*, while their eye wanders over the flowery meads, and fields of grain waving to the gentle wind.

The view of these things renders the soul conscious of its energy and weakness, when comparing its infinite distance from eternal wisdom, and its superiority over the "brutes that perish!"—And if it is borne down by the weight of cares, the beauties of nature which are presented to the eye, will, by an association of ideas, share its reflections on its situation. They direct the attention of man to self-observation, and afford him a species of mental luxury, while the evening breeze plays around him, refreshing by its coolness, while the canopy of heaven presents "the countless glories of the midnight hour," for his sublime meditation; and causes him to admire, with the glowing emotions of piety, the magnificence, splendour, and simplicity, which the great Creator so evidently displays in the enchanting scenes of that hour, when the "silence of all flesh" reigns around, and each object, tempered by the placid moonbeams, sweetly declares the wisdom and power of the Author of all good, whose praise is resounded from the distant corners of the universe, and whose ear is greeted by the songs of grateful exultation!

Where did the capacious mind of a Brindley* conceive projects, which have excited astonishment by their magnitude, and pleasure, by their utility? Where was the rapturous and fervent piety of a Young, experienced?—In SILENCE!—Is the tranquillity of the night favourable to devotion?—Proofs are not deficient!

Let, therefore, the varied beauties—the solemn silence of the night, be duly appreciated, and no longer neglected: let the influence of its pleasing reign captivate the mind, whether it inspires the enraptured seraph's flame, or assists the studious researches of the scientific inquirer, who peruses, with ceaseless diligence, the volumes

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* The life of this great man and enterprising mechanician, may be perused in the "Columbian Magazine," Vol. 2. Page 731.

of wisdom. It is in the state of separation from the tumults of life, like that which is produced by the "noon of night," when the soul breaks her chains, and soars into her proper sphere, above sublunary cares; and were it oftener sought, the mind would be less apt to be polluted by sentiments degrading to humanity; vice and immorality, though in specious forms, would not find patronage; —for danger lurks not around that bosom, where devotion continually resides: and while man remains exquisitely sensible of the proper influence of contemplation,

" To him the rushy roof is dear,
" And sweetly calm, the darkest glen;
" While pomp, and pride, and pow'r appear,
" At best, the *glitt'ring plagues* of men!"

RASOLA.

The following excellent Hymn is from the Poems of J. H. L. Hunt, written between the ages of twelve and sixteen.

TO THE OMNIPOTENT GOD.

Deo Opt. Max.

Almighty King, who sit'st above,
Enthron'd with majesty and love,
Eternal Arbiter of fate!
Whether we name thee God of all,
Or Alla, Jove, or Mithra, call,
Thou, thou alone art truly great!

Princes, the shadows of thy nod,
Live but to shew, how low to God
Is all the gaudy pride of earth:
Thy kingdom comprehends all space:
Thy crown, enrich'd with pearls of grace,
Is glorious as the Morning's birth!

If Earth's an atom in thy sight,
Inwrapt in Folly's mazy night,
How low am I that on it dwell!
Thy brightness not the Sun can shew;
Thy voice not all the winds that blow,
Nor all the rolling thunders tell!

The earthquake and the tempest, both
Are but the bubbles of thy wrath,
When Vice appall'd shrinks at thy frown;
But fearless Virtue's Heav'nly form
Sits, like an Angel, 'mid the storm,
And smiling, wreathes her olive crown.

Grasp the whole earth within thy hand,
Bid Heav'n be nought at thy command,
Thou, only thou, be still the same;
The Void immense itself shall cry,
"Glory to thee, O God most high,"
And ever "hallow'd be thy name!"

[The practice of carrying pins in the mouth not being wholly unknown among our readers, we introduce the following extract from the Lady's Magazine to their notice, with the wish that the remedy prescribed may be effectual where needed; and also that the distressing symptoms described may tend to deter them from the pernicious custom.]

The swallowing pins, &c. has often been the cause of many grievous and dangerous effects, and it is presumed often fatal; for upon dissecting the patients who appeared, from the symptoms, to have died of the iliac passion, colic, &c. they have been found to have been killed by pins, &c. In April 1777, a young woman who had swallowed a very large pin (which stuck fast in that part of the *œsophagus*, which enters into the *thorax*), was brought to the hospital at Bambrough Castle, in Northumberland. As I then had the honour of the principal management of that hospital, I was sent for, and found the patient in very great pain. Having some time before, considered the nature of this accident and concluded, that if any thing could be given, that would pass easily, and when in the stomach coagulate into a glairy mass, it might probably bring up any thing lodged in the passage, I immediately gave her four grains of *tartar emetic* dissolved in warm water, and then made her swallow the whites of six eggs, and in about three minutes she brought up the coagulated mass, with the pin, and was effectually relieved. The same method was attended with similar success in an instance nearly resembling the above. A maid-servant to the honourable Mr. Baillie of Millerstrain, in Scotland, went to bed with twenty-four pins in her mouth.—The consequence of which was, that in the night, the family were alarmed with her cries. Mr. Baillie ordered her an emetic and the white of eggs as above, and the whole number of pins came up, and are now preserved in the family, as a curiosity. The same method I have used with success for fish and other kinds of sharp bones.

W. TURNBULL, M. D.

MANUFACTURES.

Extracted from "Paris as it was and as it is"

At Lyons is a new invented knitting-loom by means of which 400 threads are interwoven with the greatest exactness; by merely turning a winch.

The cotton manufactories are much improved, and the manufactories in that line are daily increasing in number and perfection. A new spinning machine has produced here, I am told, 160,000 ells in length out of a pound of cotton. The fly-shuttle is now introduced into most of the manufactories in this country, and 25 pieces of narrow goods are thus made at once by a single workman. In adopting Arkwright's system the French have applied it to small machines, which occupy no more room than a common spinning wheel.

COW-POCK IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

Mavius, the first Bishop of Lausanne, speaking of the small-pox, *variola*, in the annals of his own time, observes, that it principally attacked horned cattle. This was in the year 570; and it does not appear to have attacked mankind till the year afterwards, namely, 571. It will turn out very singular, if the same animal which first had this disease, should furnish man with the best preventive of this dreadful malady.

This singularity has now been demonstrated to the world—and there is also a strong probability, that the Cow-Pock is, in fact, the Small-Pox; only, having undergone some curious and wonderful modifications by passing through the system of the cow.

THOMAS COIT, jun.
[*Lon. Med. Rev.*]

DISCOVERIES.

The vapour rising from tallow melted with red hot tongs, as practised in Scotland in making candles, has been found efficacious in cases of malignant and epidemical fevers. Mr. Reed, merchant, of Peterhead, was attacked by a fever, of which his brother died, and when very sick, almost fainting, and his veins and arteries violently agitated, the process of making candles was going on, and the smoke reached his bed. The smell of the burning tallow, offensive in ordinary cases, was agreeable to him, took away the sickness, and tranquillized the nerves; when the business was over, his complaint recommenced, when he caused tallow to be again burned, and the effluvia again relieved him. By repeating this simple and extraordinary remedy for two days, he became perfectly well.

An artificial camphor has been recently made by a common oil of turpentine absorbing muriatic gas. Seven and a half ounces of camphor have been obtained from one pound of oil of turpentine. The action of this product on the animal economy is supposed to be nearly similar to that extracted from the camphor laurel; it is less bitter, and of a less penetrating odour, and differs in its action with the nitric and acetic acids.

A Welsh Gentleman, named Martin, has obtained a Patent for making pig and cast iron from iron stone, and for making them into wrought iron, by using row stone to be worked and made by blast.

A MODEL.

The following female character is translated from the French. However highly coloured the portrait may appear, it is not without a living original.

"It is her happiness to be ignorant of all that the world calls pleasure; her glory is to live in the duties of wife and mother: and she consecrates her days to the practice of the social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family, she reigns over her husband by complaisance; over her domestics by goodness. Her house is the residence of religious sentiments, filial order, peace, sweet sleep, and good health. Economical and studious, she prevents want and dissipates the evil passions; the indigent, who present themselves at her door are never repulsed; the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity, that makes her respected; of indulgence and sensibility, that makes her loved; of prudence and firmness that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light, which vivifies and illumes all that encircle her."

Happy the man who possesses such a wife, and can justly appreciate her worth; happy the children who are nurtured by her care and modelled by her counsel; happy the domestics, who wait her commands and enjoy her benevolence; and happy the society who holds in its bosom a being worthy of a better world.

ATTACHMENT.

Our attachment to every object around us, increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not choose, says a French philosopher, to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of profession. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

CHINVANG the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets, to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison: the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases the fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise; yet still we love it: destitute of every agreement, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure of increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

GOLDSMITH.

COMPANY.

Be very circumspect in the choice of your company; in the society of your equals you may enjoy pleasure; in the society of your superiors you may find profit; but to be the best in company, is to be the way of growing worse; the best means to improve, is to be the least there. But above all, be the companion of those who fear the Lord and keep his precepts.

Numa Pompilius thought the company of good men so real a pleasure, that he esteemed it above a diadem. And when the Roman ambassadors solicited him to accept of the government, he frankly declared, among other reasons for declining was the conversation of men who assemble together to worship God, and to maintain an amiable charity, was his business and delight.

TO FARMERS.

"A pound of Turnip-Seed, sown after harvest, upon an acre of light, sandy, or gravelly land, that is poor, or worn out by over ploughing, and where manure is wanting (the crop of which being ploughed in, when grown high) will in two months time, die away and rot, and enrich the land, so as to prove as good a manuring, as twenty loads of dung, or more, upon an acre."

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—By a passenger in the brig Alliance, from Nantz, the following interesting information has been received.

"His Majesty the Emperor of France and King of Italy left Paris the 28th March for Milan, there to be crowned King: the 25th ult. was appointed for the Coronation. Previous to his leaving Paris he was pleased to order the long pending American claims to be closed, reserving three millions of livres to be applied to any subtantiated claims that remained behind—The American Minister had given notice to the several American claimants, that he was ready to draw on the American Government for the amounts of their respective awards, in such sums as they would chuse, and in francs.

"The Pope left Paris the 3d of April.

"Gen. Murat has been created a Prince, and appointed Grand Admiral of France.

"The Toulon Fleet had been out 19 days when the Alliance sailed.

"Business was extremely dull at Nantz, there was a total stagnation; Colonial Produce pouring in from all parts of America and Lisbon; Coffee was 48 sols, Cotton dull.

"Some warm notes had passed between Mr. Armstrong, the American Minister, and M. Talleyrand, respecting the conduct of the American Government towards Spain. Dispatches respecting which are brought by the Alliance to the Secretary of State. Imperial Napoleon has told Mr. Armstrong, that the Spanish Government cannot nor shall not pay the demands of America at present.

"It was reported that Lucien Bonaparte was arrested in Italy, by order of Napolean Some said he was in the Temple at Paris.

"Admiral Bruix commander of the Imperial flotilla at Boulogne, and inspector of the coasts of the Ocean, died in Paris the 20th of March of Grief—in consequence of a blow in the face from the Emperor, during a private audience at the Thuilleries!"

Letters from Vienna of the 16th instant, mention that the plague has made great ravages at Constantinople; and that the insurrection in Servia creates the most lively apprehensions on the part of the Porte. Belgrade is closely blockaded by the Servians; and their Chief, Czerney George, has given orders to murder every Turkish inhabitant that attempts to make his escape.

A Conspiracy, says a London paper, has been discovered in the Electorate of Wirtemberg. The number of persons arrested are considerable. The object of the conspiracy was to carry off the Electres, Princess, Royal of England, and a number of other persons in high credit with the court. A special commission is appointed to examine the prisoners. Most of them have been confined in a citadel.

Captain Neal, arrived at Alexandria in 17 days from Porto Rico, confirms the accounts, via Boston, of the arrival in the West Indies of the French and Spanish combined fleet, consisting of 19 sail of the line and ten or twelve frigates. A few days before Captain Neal sailed, a Spanish government brig arrived at Porto Rico with the information of her having sailed 18 days in company with them and left them to the windward of Barbadoes.

A person who was lately in Paris, informs that the Emperor Bonaparte had made our late minister Livingston a present of a rich portrait of himself which cost forty thousand florins. Accompanying the portrait was a complimentary letter from Bonaparte.

A new life-boat, on a very superior construction, was launched lately at Dover, while the wind and the surf were so high that no other boat could venture out to sea. At certain times she appeared completely lost between the billows which immediately after she mounted with surprising agility. In the midst of the storm, her sails were managed with the greatest ease. After going out a considerable distance, she returned to shore, and ran upon the beach without sustaining the slightest injury. She is called a Crab.

The king of Sweden seems very desirous of introducing into his dominions a proper system of education. A Board, appointed for the purpose of superintending public instruction in Sweden, lately commissioned a young Swede of the name of Broeman, who has greatly distinguished himself by some critical pieces, and a Treatise on Education, to make a tour thro' several countries of Europe, to collect information on the subject.

A third letter from M. Humbolt, concerning his travels in South America and Mexico, was lately read in the National Institute of France. In the first he stated the observations which he had made in the Atlantic Ocean, at the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, and in the province of New Andalusia. In the second he described the operations performed in the province of Venezuela, and the pintsch Cazebozzo, where he made some curious experiments on the *gymnotus electricus*.—In the third memoir he has given a short account of his navigation to the Oroonoko, Rio, Negro, and the Carsequaire, executed with great danger, to determine astronomically the communication of the Orinaco with the Amazons river. The parts of his memoirs which contain an account of the geography, botany, mineralogy, of those countries, as well as of the manners and customs of the people, will be shortly published.

DOMESTIC.—It is ascertained, by experiments, in the New-York ships, which go on whaling voyages of twenty months duration and more, that scorbutic symptoms appear among the crews, unless they have temporary supplies of fresh vegetable matter. These will of themselves work a cure, but it is well known that they are more efficacious when consumed raw than if they are subjected to any culinary operation. Under this conviction, the Americans eat their pumpkins, potatoes, &c. in their natural and crude state.

From the subsequent article there seems too much reason to fear that the Osage Indians, whose chiefs visited these State last year, will be totally destroyed by their hostile neighbours: the Sac and other tribes have gone in great force against them. What may be the cause of this bloody business does not appear—perhaps a jealousy originating from the attentions they received while on their eastern tour.

Extract of a letter from a respectable resident at Kaskaskias, to his correspondent in Marietta, (Ohio).

"The Osages are likely to be cut up root and branch, by a confederacy of almost all the Indian nations of the west; already blood has been spilt; and large bodies of men are in motion to attack their country. Mr. Van Bibber, with whom you are acquainted, has just returned from the Missouri. He states to me, that about ten days since, a body of about 400 of the Sacs, crossed at a French village, at which place he was; about 50 miles from the mouth of the river on their march to attack the Osages."

On the third ult. all *foreign coins*, excepting Spanish dollars, and parts of dollars, ceased to be a legal tender for the payment of debts in the United States. As the act of Congress, making French, Spanish, and Portuguese gold coins and French crowns a tender expired on that day.

The quantity of salt manufactured and imported at the *Canandaigua Salt Springs* in the year 1803 was about 90,000 bushels. In the year 1804, was 133,884 bushels 21 pounds. Salt supposed to be manufactured which was not inspected 5000 bushels in the abovementioned year. Total of last year 138,884 bushels.

American Academy of Arts. By private letters from Paris, we learn, that the Emperor Napoleon has presented to R. Livingston, late minister from the United States to the French Court on behalf of the Academy of Arts established in N. York, and of which the Emperor is an honorary member, a very valuable collection, estimated at *fifty thousand livres* (10,000 dollars.) It must be matter of pride to the inhabitants of that city, to have given birth to an institution, which has shewn itself worthy of such distinguished patronage; and it is hoped, that this high testimonial of respect, will inspire them with fresh zeal for the advancement of an establishment, which has attracted such conspicuous attention aboard, and which, if properly supported, cannot fail to add lustre to our national character.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W's *Evening Reflections* we will give place to with alacrity. Their harmonious flow of numbers and ardent breathing piety place them high in the rank of valuables. To the *Invisible* who furnished this piece, we feel ourselves bound to make acknowledgments for his many interesting communications, both in possession and expectance.

The *Children Mill*, in our judgment, possesses a considerable portion of poetic merit. Its playful humour, and "wit that knows no gall" will, it is believed, give innocent amusement to many of our readers.

JACK SAILOR will not, we hope, take it amiss if, in inserting his piece, we represent some of his quotations by an &c.

The HENPECKT HUSBAND is advised to bear his troubles in silence; or else be no longer *gouverné par une femme*. We decline publishing his complaints, out of *pure tenderness*, being morally certain it would be the means of increasing them.

GILES's communications are well received and shall be attended to in succession.

TIRO is also welcome.

Several other pieces are received which shall be duly noticed.

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